learn that the reality is very different from their expectations so sedulously awakened by the stranger. He was a Sirdar (jobber) sent out to recruit labour from the villages.

They soon discover that his promises were worthless. Work there is, but how long the hours and how low the wages! For some weeks after being taken on they receive *no* wages and have to borrow from the Sirdar, already their creditor to the extent of having paid their travelling expenses and received a commission for having secured them the job. Debts are incurred with the shopkeeper and they learn to fear the stalwart figure of the Kabuli moneylender who waits outside the factory-gate and sometimes actually assaults the workers, if he cannot obtain his money loaned at exhorbitant rates. One has to eat, but the food seems horribly dear in the city. Worst of all is the problem of housing, for they cannot continue to live in the street. At last they find some workers from their own district and after the agent has received his due, they are allowed to set up house, but this is worse than the village. There, at least, they had some privacy and the open fields, but here there is incessant noise and they have to share a room with four other families. The tenement is a tall, dark building, swarming with people, ill-lit, evil-smelling beyond belief, and for such questionable accommodation the rent seems terribly high.

Many a time our peasant longs to return home, but he is tied hand and foot; in debt to the Sirdar, in debt to the shopkeeper, he is unable to leave even if he would. He begins to settle down. His waggs, once he receives them, seem terribly inadequate and in mysterious ways they seem to diminish. There are fines imposed and cuts made. He is frequently ill and then his position becomes more unbearable than ever. He becomes acquainted with vice in many forms, learns to drink and gamble, but he also learns new